

## Where I Served

Date	Place	Event
11/6/42	Gary, Indiana	Enlisted in Army
6/10/43	Camp Grant, Illinois	Inducted
6/24/43	Camp Roberts, California	Infantry Replacement Training
11/8/43	Los Angeles, California	Loyola University
3/21/44	Hunter Liggett Military Reservation	89th Infantry Division maneuvers
5/30/44	Camp Butner, North Carolina	89th Infantry Division
8/24/44	Ft. Benning, Georgia	Paratroop School
10/6/44	Ft. Meade, Maryland	Embarkation
11/6/44	Tuscany, Italy	Infantry Replacement Depot
12/6/44	Apennine Mountains	34th Infantry Division
3/18/45	Cavallina, Italy	Captured
4/29/45	Moosberg, Germany	Liberated from Stalag VIIA
5/31/45	Ft. Sheridan, Illinois	Repatriated to U. S.
8/1/45	Miami, Florida	Rest and Rehabilitation
8/23/45	Ft. Myers, Virginia	300th Military Police
12/10/45	Ft. Myers, Virginia	Honorably discharged

DAVID-DAMM COMMUNICATIONS, INC.

DAVID DAMM  
VIC  
HANK

October , 1944

This is the first communique since the 14th of last month but things have been humming around here and that accounts for the delay.

Willie reports that Vic is now in New Caledonia having gone there from the Treasury Islands (maybe this is a military secret so don't tell a Jap) and he is living on the top of a mountain where conditions are a little more livable than heretofore. Sure am glad to hear this, Vic, and also was happy to learn that your next trip may be in this direction. Even though it may not be for a long time (a few days or so) we will all be waiting eagerly to see you.

The Damm family got some welcome news this week. Pete has arrived back in the States and is in California at a hospital. Mother has written to Evelyn giving his address and she will probably get over to see him before she comes home. He was over there a long time. Papa Damm is not very well though. He recently had a complete medical exam and has had to quit working completely. His heart is bad, he has diabetes, and is just about worn out I guess. He has been working pretty hard and steadily for quite a few years now and his age caught up with him.

We had a long letter from Hank. I'll try to give you bits of what he said: "We are so far back (of the Front) that we are behind the VAC's....Finally spent a couple hours in Paris and now I believe some of the things I have heard about it. Wine is very high and plenty poor stuff from \$2 a bottle and up. Tastes like hell. Paid \$3 for a fair dinner. Give me good old America any day....The cooks at camp are finally catching on how to prepare things. We even got a pie now and then....Getting pretty cool nights but have plenty of blankets."

Evelyn writes to Mom that they have bought tickets and will leave for Chicago on the 20th of this month. Understand they will have nearly three weeks. Isn't that swell? We haven't heard yet what their plans are; that is, how much time they will spend in Wis., Ill., and Mich., but that probably will be worked out to suit everyone concerned. I'd like to have her stay a few more weeks and if I promise to secure a reservation for her, maybe it can be arranged.

Willie stopped in Chicago Monday on his way to Fort Meade and we had a nice lunch together here at the office. He was able to get an extra two days added to his furlough to enable him to see Glenn. The Red Cross obtained it for him. If he stays in Maryland for a while, they may have some time with each other out there.

When Glenn came in Sunday morning, I went with him to Meade. and all the folks gathered at home for a visit. Roy, Dot and the kids, Willie and the babies, Chuckie, Rosie and Carol. We had a nice afternoon together and Mom was very happy to have them all there. Glenn will go back Saturday for seven more weeks of school, then graduation, license examinations, and a little time off before going to sea...which should be just about Christmas time. Glenn has been made "Morale Officer" of his battalion which means that he must keep his fellowmen entertained. This gives him extra privileges and a lot of extra work which he enjoys. He is looking around for a few extra pool tables.

Yours truly is keeping out of mischief by going to school two nights a week (studying dress construction, Etc), bowling, traveling, Aid work, and keeping the apartment halfway clean. By the time I spend some time with Sis and visiting relatives, etc., it keeps me hopping.

End o' the line....

October 11, 1944

*Hank, Vic, Wallie*  
Hi, everyone -

News is fairly scarce this week but while there is time, want to dash off a few lines to yo' all.

Glenn has left for New York again so things have probably quieted down on the home front again. Mom came down with him last Saturday, we all had dinner at Nina's and then we took him down to the station... Grant Mom and I did. Grant bought himself a car which he doesn't plan to keep he says but just bought it to make some money selling it again. It sure feels good to ride in an automobile once in a while instead of those slow, noisy L trains and street cars. Mom stayed over until Sunday and we made a trip out to Maxwell St. to see what we could see and came home with nothing. I was looking for a coat but nothing looked very good to me.

Wallie called Sunday to give us his APO number and this morning I also received the government card giving his changed address so he is on his way over I guess. Here it is:

Infantry Co. U  
A.P.O. 15405 - c/o Postmaster  
New York City, N.Y.

Heard from Hank yesterday and he said it is getting pretty chilly over there. They have given them a heater for their tent and I'm trying to imagine how much good a heater would do if it was really cold. Does one layer of canvas keep any of the heat inside? Hank says he has heard from Dick and Eddie. He and Dick are watching for one another but so far haven't found any traces of each others' company. Eddie is sailing the high seas and says he is about twice as far from home as Hank so you guess where he might be.

The weather is turning pretty cool here, too. This morning I jumped out of bed and turned off the alarm and right back into bed... to get warm again. I fell asleep and woke up at 7:30 so I was an hour late to work. The boss greeted me with "Good Afternoon". I don't mind getting up when it is light out but when we get up and it is still dark like the middle of night, it's tough.

Eva will be home the 20th and they plan to return on the 8th of Nov. This will give us a nice long visit.

Just about lunchtime so toodle-doo.....

*Hank: In Rhineland - aachen drive?*

October 7, 1934

Hello, my little honey -

Evelyn and Troy arrived in Chicago last Sunday and I am sure is wonderful seeing them again. They both look swell. Eve is thinner than she used to be but she very proudly shows off her legs. While they used to be a little thick, they are now slim and pretty and she has always hoped that would happen so she is pleased as punch. That's a woman's vanity cropping up. Troy's brother Rudy came in from New York to see them and had such a short time here that I felt sorry for him. He is in the Navy and he made this trip on a 48-hour pass. He arrived here at 7:00 a.m., the kids got here at 1:00 p.m., and he had to leave again at 4:30. He tried to get a day's extension but couldn't. Troy's two sisters, Bertha and Ellen, also came in to meet them and after spending a few hours with Mine, Bud and I, Ellen and her husband drove Eve and Troy up to Racine. I rode along with them and had a couple of hours at home before jumping on the North Shore to come back. It was a busy day but lots of fun.

Eve came down here yesterday and is going to spend the day out west with her little charges (by "out west" I mean in Chicago on the west side where she used to work). Tomorrow she will spend with me; yesterday she was with Mia all day. She is going back to Racine Saturday night and on Monday she is going up North to see Troy's family and Mother is going to go with her. The country is beautiful up there and we all enjoy the trip immensely. His family has traveled down to see us several times and none of us have ever returned the visit so it is fitting that Mom should go along. They live in a Finnish colony and speak Finnish all the time so they should have an interesting time trying to understand one another. Believe they will return to Racine about Wednesday and Troy who has been up North since last Tuesday will return with them and spend the rest of his time with his sisters in Waukegan.

Evelyn is not at all bitter about the loss of their child. She was terribly disappointed at first, she says, but Troy has been most understanding, and going to work as she did helped a lot. They haven't decided whether she will go back to work when they return to California but they aren't concerned about it. She can or not as she chooses, and they want to have another baby so that comes before anything.

If everything works out as planned, am leaving for New York City on the 17th of November. Have a week's vacation coming and I'm also so we are going to the big city to see the sights. Glenn receives his commission the 24th and we expect to be at the ceremony for whatever ceremonies there will be. He won't be returning to Chicago with us for the following week he has to take a lot of tests, etc., prior to getting his license. However he will be coming home about the 1st of December for a short time and he then plans to go to the West Coast and ship out from there which will give him a chance to visit Evelyn. Glenn has been doing very well in school and has won the privilege of wearing some decorations denoting scholastic achievement.

No one has heard from Wallie as yet but he has probably reached the other side by now and we can expect to hear any time. Hope he didn't get seasick. Now about it, Wallie, are you a real pallo?



I had a letter from Vic this week and here is the news of him: "I feel much more satisfied since I came here...The climate is about the same as California as I remember it..." did not realize how bad it was at Sterling till we returned here...The food is much better...The cats pretty disgusted with dehydrated food...Here we get quite a little fresh meat and vegetables...I am in good health and hope everyone at home is too...Give everyone my regards...Lucky that Willie and Glenn could have a couple of days together...Sure would enjoy seeing them. Hank found sky-high prices in France and it is just as bad here...Guess they all feel we are millionaires."

I heard something about the SeaBees this morning which sounds like good news but I'm almost afraid to mention it. It has been reported that after 10 to 12 months overseas, SeaBees will be returned to this country, and if this is true, Vic should be on the list right now for he has passed the 10-month mark. I don't know if they would be allowed to stay in the country or if they would return for just a short time, but even then, this sounds encouraging. Don't count on it too much but I hope this report is official.

Joe has put on some weight and now tips the scales at 133#. She feels very well and is enjoying life as she never has before. She bought herself a new gray dress last week that is really something.

Guess the boss thinks I've written enough for he has given me a few things to do which will keep me busy another week. So until then, keep your chin up...but not out.

Love and kisses,

P.S. Have heard from Dick and he is giving me clues to pass on to you I guess for he has mentioned several places which he has visited. The end of September he was on a trip down to Cherbourg and was gone for eight days. To get there he passed through the towns of Verdun and St. Mihiel which are on the Meuse River. Looked these up on a map and it looks like he might be in that section of the Meuse R. but probably closer to the front. He also visited Paris. Does this help to give you his general location? Hope so. I shouldn't be passing this information on but if it got through the censors I guess it's OK. He says he isn't at the front, or rather says, the only way he could get hurt would be to get stomped on on his way to the chow line. Sent you a Christmas package last week (on the 14th). There isn't much in it but hope you will get a little enjoyment out of it. I wouldn't advise keeping it until Christmas to open it if it arrives sooner.

November 3, 1944

Dear one,

Not much news to relate to you but I've been thinking of you a lot. Had a letter from Glenn this week about my contemplated trip to N.Y. and we are working out some plans that won't interest the rest of you. I now have my ticket and a hotel reservation in the big city (at the Lincoln Hotel)-44th St. & 8th Avenue). We leave the 17th and get into N.Y. the following morning; leave New York again on the 25th and get in here the 26th....seven days that will be crammed full of sightseeing. The only bad thing is that we will be away from home on Thanksgiving Day.

Had a good night Monday and bowled a 199 game. The week before an 88 game made me quite unhappy about the whole thing but now my spirits are revived.

Last weekend Evelyn spent ~~thaxday~~ Saturday with me here and we had a chance to talk over all the little things we have been saving up since a year ago. It was just like old times. As I must get some clothes made to wear to New York, the sewing machine was very much in evidence just as it used to be so often at home.

Evelyn went up north on Monday to see Troy's family and altho I haven't heard about it yet, understand Mom planned to go with her. They were returning to Racine on Wednesday so the kiddies could get along OK in her absence. The trip would be especially nice this year for the weather was super, so if she went, I know she enjoyed it.

I'm planning on going up home either tonight or tomorrow morning. Eva and Troy only have until Wednesday in this part of the country and then they are off again. Nina went up to Racine yesterday and is coming back some time today. She gets away from the place so rarely that I was really glad she could go. I'm getting to be pretty good at grilling those hamburgers...almost as good as my big sis.

Evelyn called me at noon today to tell me to be sure and come early in the morning so I could attend the wedding of Mary Theisen and Don. He is home on a short leave and they are being married at 9:00 tomorrow morning. It hardly seems possible that either of those kids is old enough to settle down. Something like this makes me realize I'm not such a young chick any more....regardless of how young I may feel.

Had a long letter from Hank who says the mail deliveries have been bad and that it has rained for 26 days in a row. He says they are going to move inside soon which should help. Got a change of address from Dick, Hank. His APO is now 339 and he says they are leaving the old location which is a sea of mud. Of course he doesn't say where they are headed but he seemed glad to be on the move again. He also complained of "blessings from heaven every day". It is raining in Chicago today so maybe our wonderful weather is leaving us. This past week has been ideal. I wish we had spent this week in New York for it may be pretty chilly by the time we get there.

Would any of you like to purchase subscriptions to any of the magazines? I have a list of all popular magazines and receive a very special discount on subscriptions, so if you would like something sent to you please say so and send me a check. If you want to give any of them as Xmas gifts, I'll be glad to handle your order. A request for the magazine must accompany a subscription which is to be sent to a service man with an APO number.

No word yet from Wallie but expect to hear soon. Arta's fiance left at about the same time and she has received word that he is in England. If you could happen to be in his outfit, Wallie, his name is L. Dickerson; known as Dick. That's all...with my love -

11/1/44

P.S. TO I.F.C. NO. 34

As I forgot to mail No. 34 Friday, might as well add a little more to it today to cover happenings of the weekend.

Mary Ti is now Mrs. Donald Doebreiner and she made the sweetest bride you could ever want to see. In spite of the rush of things, you'd have thought it had been planned for months judging by the way everything went. Don got in on Wednesday, called Mary that night and started for home. Thursday and Friday they rushed around like mad and at ~~9~~ 9:00 A.M. the church bells rang and Mary became a matron. They had a reception at the house at 7 p.m. that night and the kids dashed away about ten o'clock to spend their short honeymoon at the Drake in Chicago. (I tried to call them a few minutes ago but they are out sight-seeing I guess. It is now 1:30) The groom? He was cute too.

Saw a lot of your old gang, Glenn and Wallie. Don Olander was at the wedding in the morning but had to return to his post in the afternoon so I didn't have a chance to talk with him. Little Bob Goebel was there with his wife and we had a bit of fun kidding around. Hank Barina, M.D., was present and told me of plans to wed but I think he thought I'd keep it a secret so don't let on that I told you. You may know the girl - Ellie or Nellie somebody. Lives on the west side. Don Pfeiffer and his gal Margaret Lerth had eyes for each other only and wedding bells were faintly heard for them. No announcement yet but....That's how gossip is born.

George Mohr was there. He looked pretty good but he is still the crude fellow. Environment tells. He has been in Panama.

There was a lot of cute girls present and you would have enjoyed being there - you wolves.

That took care of Saturday and Sunday was a hectic day. Evelyn's in-laws from Waukegan drove up for Dinner and in the afternoon Uncle, Chuckie, Millie and the babies, and Roxie came over too. We set table for supper for 21 people. That used to be an easy task but it isn't so easy any more. Out of practice, I guess. Everyone was ~~xxx~~ feeling gay and looked happy. Somebody took some pictures but the day was cloudy so don't know how they turned out. Eva and Troy went back to Waukegan with his sisters for a day. Tuesday they will spend with Mom and Wednesday they will be on their way again.

Incidentally, Wallie, Don is on a destroyer escort vessel and thinks perhaps he took the same trip across that you did; I mean at the same time. Since he got back to N.Y. about the 1st, is it possible? I hardly think so or we would have heard from you by this time.

Tomorrow is the day we find out who is going to guide our country through the next four years. Frankly, I don't think there is much choice but whoever gets the job, I hope he is the best man. By midnight tomorrow night we should know the trend, but I expect the race to be a close one. Hope you all didn't miss this chance to cast your ballot. It can mean a lot to all of us.

Love and kisses -

Mom went North with Eva last Sunday and returned Wednesday; they enjoyed the trip immensely.

November 28, 1944

Hi, Folks -

I've got my knees crossed (cause I can't cross my fingers) that the boss doesn't bother me for an hour or so because I have so much to write to you. My second day back at work after a week off and I'm taking time out to write personal letters. Some day I'll get fired!

Although I haven't written since the 6th, Nina tells me she has written to each of you in the meantime so don't think I have forgotten you. While I was in the big city, I sent you postcards but you will probably get those overseas some time next July.

We have had two letters from Hank - one written the 26th of October and the other November 6. He has moved and is now in Belgium. Conditions are a little better for they now have buildings in which to work. Before this they had worked outside for 27 days in the mud and rain. He says they are not permitted to speak to any civilians and up until he wrote the second letter on the 6th, they had not been allowed any passes. They are now allowed out in the evening until 10:30 when everyone must be off the streets. The only places that are open are a few cafes (beer joints to Americans). There are a few people who talk English and they enjoy talking to them and comparing notes. Hank goes to church a couple nights a week for they have a social hour and lunch after the services which he enjoys. He mentioned receiving a letter from Jack which ~~he~~ pleased him very much. Jackie does write a very interesting letter but not often enough.

In case you do not know it yet, our little brother Wallie is covering the front in Italy. There was a letter from him dated October 6 waiting for me when I returned yesterday. That's poor mail service, isn't it? He is enjoying himself a lot - he says. They are living in tents and the weather is like California with plenty of rain, but they have bunks to sleep on and plenty of bedding. He wrote about the fellows he is with and they sure sound interesting. His address has not changed as yet so keep on writing to the address I gave you. It was - Infantry Co. U A.P.O. 15405, c/o Postmaster New York City.

Incidentally, while in New York I saw the APO which handles all the overseas mail. It is immense. Covers several blocks and huge trucks by the hundreds to transport the mail to the docks, air bases, etc. It is a new building and must have been erected for just that purpose.

Eva and Troy are back in San Francisco. Nina has had a note from them telling how much they enjoyed their visit. They had Pullman reservations going back and they were happy that they made those arrangements for they weren't too tired when they got back. It isn't easy riding coach, especially when it takes two full days.

How did you like the outcome of the election?

I want to tell you all about my trip to New York. Some of it will interest you a lot and other things may not but here goes.

We took the train from Chicago on Friday afternoon at 2:00. We had reservations on a streamliner "The Pacemaker" which goes through Cleveland, Buffalo, and into Syracuse and Albany, and then N.Y. City. The trip was most enjoyable. The train has a club car, dining car with very good food, and the seats are of the reclining type so you can sleep fairly well in them at night. Of course they have pillows to rent which also helps. We arrived in New York at Grand Central Station at 9:00 Saturday morning feeling fit as a fiddle. One of the men from the office who was in New York on business met us at the train and saved us the experience of a couple of bewildered girls wondering which way to go. He took us down to the hotel Lincoln where we had reservations.

*He must have meant Nov.*



Glenn had asked us to come out to the Academy to see a Regimental Review and a football game so we washed up quickly and went down to the Pennsylvania Station where we caught the suburban train for Great Neck. The boys were already marching when we arrived and Glenn was one of them so we took seats in the stands and he joined us when the Review was finished. It was a brisk day, just right for football and we enjoyed the game very much...our side won. After the game we walked around the Academy and took some pictures. As you may know, the school is fairly new and the buildings and grounds are beautiful. I couldn't begin to describe it. We saw the "cabins" in which the students live, the dining hall, the canteen, auditorium, etc. It is built right on the Sound and they have their own dock with some beautiful ships anchored there. One was a schooner of the type that has about twelve sails. You know how pretty they look when they are all unfurled. We didn't see it in action but could easily imagine how beautiful it would be.

About 5:00 we took the train back into New York to have dinner and get ready for the dance that night. As the trip takes about an hour by train and also meant a bus ride and subway ride, we decided to take our dresses out there in a bag and change into formals at the school as so many of the girls did. The school has an enlisted men's orchestra there which played for the dancing and for refreshments they served apple cider, cookies, donuts, etc. We had a lovely time. Incidentally, my partner was Al Simonson from Racine and I used to work far with his father out at Websters. (Small world, ain't it?)

After leaving the dance we were dead tired and Glenn escorted us back to town to the hotel. What do you suppose we found when we got there --- yes, a man in our room!! If he hadn't been a bit tipsy and rather foreign and old, we might have tied him to the leg of the bed so he couldn't get away. Instead we had him removed quickly and decided we were pretty lucky Glenn had been with us. The next day being Sunday we slept late - until 10:00. Then we went walking on Fifth Avenue and looked at all the beautiful, glamorous clothes and jewelry. It was a clear day so we went to the top of the RCA building and then we could see for miles and miles. It was beautiful. We made quite a game of picking out the different buildings, and when people say that the autos look like toys and the people like ants from that height, they aren't kidding.

After dinner we went up to meet the Chief Mate Glenn called with on his two voyages and they talked over plans to get on the same ship again. He and his wife have a beautiful apartment in the most exclusive neighborhood overlooking Central Park. They were very cordial and so was their cat. We stayed for only a short while though for Glenn had to catch a train to be back at the Academy by 10 o'clock. Then at that ungodly hour we became hungry and went down among the fish markets on third avenue to a place called "King-of-the-Sea" and had something to eat. Arts ate eel and I had scallops - something new for both of us.

Monday it was raining when we got up so we decided to go to Radio City. This movie theater is so large and beautiful we could hardly believe it was true. It is very modern with wide staircases and chandeliers as large as an ordinary room. (That's a slight exaggeration). As we got there early we walked all over the place from the uppermost balcony (the fourth one) down to the basement lounge. We got in as the vaudeville acts were beginning and among these acts were the Rockettes of whom you may have heard. They are about 24 girls who dance and march as though they were one person with 48 arms and legs, etc. Never out of step with one another. The show featured the music of George Gershwin, a favorite of mine, Rhapsody in Blue, and many others. All the acts were tops and these were followed by the movie "Mrs. Parkington". Greer Garson at her best with Walter Pidgeon holding his own as usual.

I forgot to say that we moved to another hotel that morning. The Governor Clinton was our new home and it was as nice as the other was crummy. If any of you ever get to New York and need a place to stay. I recommend it highly and the rates are reasonable too.

Monday night we ate in the Corral room at the hotel, and later on the evening went down to Greenwich Village for a little dancing.

Tuesday morning it was raining again but we decided it might not be raining in Philadelphia so he caught a train and went down there. Mr. Carroll met us at the train and he had a friend with him who had a nice car and plenty of gasoline. It was still raining. We had lunch at Gimbel's and looked around the store and it was still raining. We drove around the city a little and then to Independence Square where all the historical buildings are located. Mr. Carlan would drive up in front of one; we would make a mad dash for the building; he would wait in the car until he saw us in the doorway and then he'd drive up again and pick us up. In this way we visited the Betsy Ross House, Carpenter's Hall, and we saw the desk they used when signing the Declaration of Independence, the chair B.B. sat in when she made the first flag, etc. Then we drove down on the river front by the market places and visited Christ Church where all the famous statesmen used to attend services. It is still the most fashionable place in Phila. in spite of its location, and it is small, quaint, and antique. The little churchyard around it contains graves marked with tombstones that date back to the 17th century.

We spent some time at Wanamakers, a large department store which is very well known because of the interest old John W. takes in his employees. It has in it an old pipe organ which is very lovely, and in the center of the store is a huge iron eagle. "The Eagle" is the meeting place of Philadelphia. Mr. Carroll told us how he and his wife used to meet there when they had dates 20 years ago. (Incidentally, in case you are wondering, Mr. C. works for Swift's in Philadelphia and is a very good friend of Mr. Sutton who arranged this sight-seeing trip down there for us. He has been very nice to us.)

It must have been about 4:30 in the afternoon when we had done all this and then we drove out into the countryside along the Skullykill River and saw all the estates. They are like something you read about in books and see in movies. One more splendid than the next. There are a lot of hills in this territory and winding roads everywhere. We rode around until it became too dark to see any more and just missed Valley Forge by about six miles. Our eyes were weak from looking so we went to dinner and got a train back to New York at 9:00. They call Philadelphia the city of Brotherly Love and after this pleasant trip, I can honestly say that I believe it. There are lots more things to tell you about this city but to write it would mean six more pages. It was still raining.

Wednesday was cloudy but not raining so we began tramping around New York. We took the Staten Island Ferry out past the Statue of Liberty and back. Walked all around the Battery which is at the point of the Island and saw the gloomy narrow streets of the financial section. While on the ferry we saw all the cargo ships, battleships, etc. gathered in the harbor, at the docks, etc., and all painted that battleship gray color. More activity than you would imagine. We went back uptown and took a Fifth Avenue bus to 122nd st. and visited Grant's Tomb and the Riverside Church on the Columbia University Campus where they have the greatest carillon tower in the world. Eight octaves ~~may~~ can be played on these bells, the largest one weighs 40 tons and the smallest is like a Christmas tree bell. Then we walked up to 125th St. and west a few blocks and wound up in Harlem. We looked around and didn't like it so took the subway down to the RCA building and visited the Rainbow room up on the 66th floor. This was just as the sun was going down and the view was ..... running out of adjectives.



11/30 - Thursday

Little interruption here while I turned out a little work.  
Wednesday night we saw the show SNAPU. You army fellows know what that means. It was a very clever story about a 16th year old boy who ran away from home and joined the Marines. After serving overseas for a year they caught up with him and sent him home and that's where the story begins. We laughed 'til we cried.

After the show we wandered around looking at all the glitter and bright lights. The sidewalks and streets were one crowded mass of people for blocks and blocks. You went where the crowd went, not where you wanted to go.

Thursday was Thanksgiving Day so we wanted to go to church. The Little Church Around the Corner actually was just around the corner so we went there for services at 11 o'clock and then examined the church in detail. It is very old and lovely. It seems small when compared with the Empire State Building which stands just behind it, but it has little prayer rooms and a Brides' Chapel in addition to the larger auditorium. This place is famous for the many weddings that take place there.

We went up to the Empire State Building then and looked out over the city from the 104th (I think that was the height) floor. We were going to have some photos taken here but the photographer was out to lunch and they made us check our camera downstairs.

We met Janet, a girl I used to work with and who is now living in E. Orange, N.J., a short distance from New York, about 7:30 and Glenn also got a few hours off to have dinner with us. We ate our big meal of turkey and pumpkin pie, with all the trimmings of course, at the Hotel Taft, and listened to the music of Vincent Lopez. Glenn left about 7:00 and we put Janet on the train about 8:00 and then Arta and I decided to do a little night clubbing. Jack Dempsey's was first and then we went to the Latin Quarter. All very very nice. Good show.

Friday was the day for Glenn. Arta and I got up late, had a leisurely breakfast and caught the train for Great Neck. We arrived along with all the other visiting friends and relatives and got a couple of swell seats in the auditorium. The graduation exercises began with music by the orchestra, and the boys marched in to the lilt of Pomp and Circumstance. Captain Stedman addressed them and spoke very well; I'm sure he impressed everyone there with his capability and intelligence. He mentioned that in this class of graduates were some very outstanding fellows - and I know that he was speaking of our boy. I'm very proud to tell you that Glenn was one of three fellows in a class of 200 who had scholastic honors in addition to being one of the class officers. Isn't that wonderful? You agree, I know. After this there was a Regimental Review and we had a little more time to take a few pictures. Sure hope they turn out good so I can share them with you.

Glenn went back to town with us and that evening about 12 couples had a dinner party at the Cafe Society in Greenwich Village. Yes, we had a good time. Arta and I had the two best looking and most interesting men there. When this party broke up we went uptown to a spot called Tony Pastor's, saw the show and then visited a few other places cause we didn't want to go home. We knew it was our last night in New York.

The next day we had to pack and we didn't have much time to look around before train time but we did stop in to see Altman's, a famous exclusive department store. Their Christmas decorations were up and everything there is very glamorous. I wished I had a few hundred dollars to spend for souvenirs.

(Time to go to lunch.)

And so we caught the train on Saturday afternoon and headed back West. We had dinner and then struggled to stay awake until we got to Syracuse at 10 o'clock because some friends of Art's were going to be at the station to see her while the train paused there. That done, we went to sleep. I woke up about 6 a.m., washed up before the crowd got into the washroom and waited and waited for the conductor to shout "Chicago".

Now I'm back in the office and it all seems like a wonderful dream.

Christmas is such a short time off that I must begin to think of the kids. Plans this year are to give the kids gifts and make their holidays as happy as we can but the rest of us are going to pass over it easily. Nina and Bud have invited the entire family down for dinner on Christmas Day and they all seem enthusiastic about it. I think it will be a nice change. Don't you? Mother really isn't strong enough to have the mob at home and although we would help her, with so many of you away it wouldn't seem like Christmas anyway.

Had another letter from Wallie yesterday dated Nov. 10 and he tells how beautiful the countryside is in Italy. But he doesn't like the Italian people whom he calls "Guineas". They are degenerate, he says. tch, tch. He said he had received ten letters and that made him kinda happy after that long boat ride. (Glenn says it isn't a boat; it is a ship)

Glenn is taking examinations all this week for his license and if everything goes well he will probably get home next week Wednesday for a short time before shipping out.

There doesn't seem to be much more in the way of news...that is, family news. The war news in Europe is most encouraging. In China it is bad, and on the Philippines it is tough. We have been making gains in Italy too. Could it be possible that fighting in Europe will be ended by the first of the year? Some people "in the know" seem to think it is possible.

dearest &

With all my love to the sweetest family in the world,

Lovingly,

January 16, 1946

Dear Folks -

This is indeed a special occasion - the first time I've had a chance to write to you all since the last edition of 11/28. The boss is out of town today and altho' he left me well stocked with work, it will have to wait.

I have the letters I've received from each of you at home so I may slip up on reporting some of the news that should be relayed to each other, but I couldn't go around carrying letters that are two months old. I'd need a suit case.

When I last wrote I had just returned from New York and you all know that in the meantime Glenn has been home and on the 21st of December he started out for San Francisco and spent the holidays with Evelyn and Troy. The last word from them written on the 7th said that he was 6th on the list of men to be placed on ships and that he expected to leave at any time. He has had a nice long rest - over 30 days of it - so he should be feeling in the pink.

Wallie has a new address and here it is -  
CO. I - 133 Infantry  
34th Infantry Division  
A.P.O. 34 - c/o Postmaster  
New York, N.Y.

New address list should be sent out but will wait until I receive Glenn's newest address before doing so.

Wallie wrote of receiving his Christmas packages (letter dated January 7th) and said they came just at the right time. His morale was at low tide for he hadn't had his clothes off in 3 weeks and during all that time he had only been able to wash and shave twice. He says the army over there is SNAPU.

Vic wrote on the 2nd and told of spending New Years Eve with a carpenter he had worked with in Racine. He said how nice it was to meet someone you know and talk over old times while drinking their ration of beer. He wrote to Millie of the time when he comes home making it sound as if it isn't too far off. It's hard to believe, but the end of February he will have been overseas for 18th months.

Yes, Hank went over two months later so maybe they will be able to come home at the same time. Hank wrote the end of December to us and to Chuckie since then saying that he is well although they work very hard putting a full day's work and then returning after supper and working until 9:00. This doesn't leave him much time for correspondence.

I had a letter from Arta's brother, Hank, and he asks if you are still in the 518th, and that if so, you are nearby. He is in Belgium and his address is: Don P. Ellinwood (1st Sgt) Serv. Btry., 172nd F.A.Bn. APO 230, New York. Of course this was written the 15th of December, before the big push, so he may be in some other location now.

I read in the paper today that Jerry Danek is gone. He was in the action on Saipan. Sure was sorry to hear it. A couple of other fellows from Racine were also listed. I don't know them but may be you do ---Roland Henningfield (Carlisle Ave.) and Alex Muleski of 2018 LaFalle. Practically next door neighbors.

Spent last weekend at home and Mom took me to the 63rd Annual Banquet at Danish Brotherhood. Wish you could have been there too. In addition to a very nice turkey dinner there was all you could drink right in front of you on the table - beer, akavit, brandy and wine. It was the first time I'd had a chance to try adavit so Mrs. Damm and I had a couple together. It isn't bad.... Some dry after-dinner speakers caused us to be a little restless after a big meal but it was nice dancing later.

"Do I believe in luck?" writes C. R. Cow, the famous engineer, in his book, The Elements of Human Engineering.... "I should say I do! It is a wonderful force. I have watched the careers of too many lucky men to doubt its existence and its efficacy. You see some fellows reach out and grab an opportunity that the other fellows standing around had not realized was there. Having grabbed it, he hangs on with a grip that makes the jaws of a bull-dog seem like a fairy touch.

"He calls into play his breadth of vision. He sees the possibilities of the situation and has the ambition to tackle them. He intensifies his strong points, bolsters his weak ones, cultivates those personal qualities that cause other men to trust him and to cooperate with him. He sows the seeds of sunshine, of good cheer, of optimism, of unstinted kindness. He gives freely of what he has, both ~~spiritual~~ spiritual and physical things. He thinks a little straighter; works a little harder and a little longer; travels on his nerve and his enthusiasm; he gives such services as his best efforts permit. He keeps his head cool, his feet warm, his mind busy.

"He doesn't worry over trifles; plans his work ahead; and then sticks to it rain or shine.

"He is like a winner, for he knows in time he will be one. Luck does the rest."

- - - - -

John P. Marquand's best selling novel, "So Little Time," is about Jeffrey Wilson, a veteran of the first World War, and his son, Jim. Running through the book, like soft, sad music is the theme that this son, facing a new and greater World War, has so little time in which to grasp and enjoy the riches of mind, spirit and body that life has to offer.

It seems to me that the greatest writing in the book is between the lines, in the thoughts that seem to leap out at one . . . There is so little time to be a good husband, to build a happy and joyous home. Too often worries, fears and business problems crowd out love and tenderness. There is so little time to be a good father. One moment our youngsters are learning to walk, and the next moment, it seems, they are walking out of the home to make their own way in the world. We have so little time to influence them, to build their characters, to get them started right. We have so little time to do the things we dream of doing, to achieve the goals we have set for ourselves, to make some little contribution to the building of a better world. We have so little time for living....for sunsets, brooks, fishing trips and quiet moments by the fire.

We rush and fret and struggle as the years roll on and suddenly the man who looks back at us from the mirror is getting old and gray. This book shocked me awake to the fact that life is very short. We have only one life to live and if we don't do it right the first time, we're through, finished, washed up. We don't get another chance. Because we have so little time, we shouldn't waste it on fear, worry, hatred, selfishness, envy, revenge, cheapness. We should make every moment count for happiness, helpfulness, and deep, rich triumphant living. Moments are pearls to be strung together.

- - - - -

A smile costs nothing, but gives much. It enriches those who receive, without making poorer those who give. It takes but a moment, but the memory of it sometimes last forever. None of us is so rich or mighty that he can get along without it, and none is so poor ~~as~~ but that he can be made rich by it.....A smile creates happiness in the home, fosters good will in business, and is the countersign of friendship. It brings rest to the weary, cheer to the discouraged, sunshine to the sad, and it is nature's best antidote for trouble....Yet it cannot be bought, begged, borrowed, or stolen, for it is something that is of no value to anyone until it is given away.



February 5, 1945

VIC  
 HANK  
 EVA & TROY  
 GLENN  
 WALLIE

A couple of weeks ago a letter came through this office sizing up the war situation in general which I thought was pretty good so I copied parts of it to send to you. Since then the Russians particularly have made the message a little out-of-date but it may interest you to know how some people keep informed. This news agency writes up these digests which are supposed to be unbiased truth supplemented by inside information, and they are subscribed to by executives, etc. Sometimes they really are helpful and at other times, not worth the paper on which they are written. Personally, I enjoy reading them for it is the news summed up into a couple of pages and I don't have to wade through newspaper columns and try to figure things out for myself.

I was up in Racine this weekend and Jackie and I spent Sunday cleaning the attic. The last time I was home I threatened to burn everything up there so Mom had gone through a few boxes and salvaged what she wanted for "carpet-rags", but we went through everything else, swept up some of the dust, brown beans that were scattered all over the floor, and the wooden beads which someone spilled up there. I looked like a chimney sweep when I finished. All that is left up there now is three tool boxes, one of Hank's and two of Dad's; a trunk of Hank's, one of Wallie's, and the big family one with Wallie's barracks bag in it full of clothes. Then there is a bag containing some shell-making equipment of Dad's. We're waiting for one of you fellows to come home and dispose of it. Hank's fishing lantern is there too.

More tomorrow -

2/6/45

It is nearly four o'clock and barring interruptions, I should be able to finish this letter before 4:30. EAM is out of town and RWR is going up to the barber shop in a few minutes so I should be free of any interference.

Haven't a new address for Glenn yet but we should continue to write to him, c/o Eva and Troy. He has been assigned to the ship, Alexander Hamilton, which is docked for repair at Stockton, Calif., about 70 miles from Frieco. He has time off so he gets up to see Eva and Troy occasionally and it is not too far to make a phone call in case he gets lonesome. He doesn't expect to ship out for several weeks yet. We had a letter from him about 10 days ago and his morale is as high as always. The Chief Mate on his ship is a Dane and if they live up to tradition, the coffee pot will be in plain view at all times and their tongues will be keeping time with their heartbeats. Anyway, I think this is swell and Glenn can brush up on his Danish.

Eva reports that Troy has been going to a civilian doctor for examinations and he has gained back the weight he lost. He has been working short hours and getting lots of rest. He is in good condition except for his tummy and they haven't made up their minds whether he is pregnant or nervous or has ulcers.

We've heard from Wallie regularly and am sorry our letters don't get through to him as well as his to us. His letter written on the 20th of Jan. arrived yesterday and he said the mailman finally found out where he has been hiding. He is feeling OK and has no complaints except that they forgot to order that marble bathtub for him and a camel to carry it and an elephant to fill it with water or give him a shower upon demand. And then a plush toilet seat.

Up home, things are in pretty good shape. Mom is starting to think of spring housecleaning because she is having the Mission Society during March and she wants everything to look "so-so". I'm going out on Maxwell St. one of these days and try to find her some curtain material for the dining room. Evelyn made her some new kitchen curtains. Tom Damm put a piece of linoleum on her kitchen table with the metal edging so it won't rip up and it matches the flooring very well. She was very pleased. Then, she converted the lower cupboard in the south-east corner of the kitchen into a place to hold her everyday china, etc., and has practically shut off her pantry using it as an icebox and a storage room. She needs some kitchen chairs and is watching for the bargain of bargains.

Did I tell you about Hank Seymour? How he had a tooth pulled and infection set in resulting in lockjaw? The latest report is that he is out of the hospital but is unable to open his mouth wider than to permit a straw in his mouth by which to eat and of course cannot talk very well. He was in the hospital for six weeks. Don't know what chances are for a full recovery....but it just goes to show you - the home front isn't the safest place in the world.

(time out to scratch my dandruff. my hair needs washing and no time to do it. tonight is my nite to dole out information to travelers as they pass thru Dearborn station.)

Willie gave me news of Vic that wasn't very pleasant. He has been sent to a new base and altho' I believe I know where it is, will wait for confirmation of his arrival before I tell you. If you have the last letter, it is supposed to be the place where Jerry Danek was stationed. He is, of course, disappointed because he expected to be sent home and we all feel pretty much the same. MacArthur now has all of Manila and things look a little more hopeful out in that area.

And now for a gripe from me. Except for a letter from my dear little brother, Willie, I haven't had a letter in the mailbox at home for a week and I'm getting darned sick of taking that key out of my purse for naught. Get those pens to working, you mugs.

Love and kisses -



February 13, 1945

Dearest Family:

It is now past quitting time but as the work is piled so high that I don't see a possible chance of writing to you this week or next, decided that since I have time ~~in~~ this evening (with nothing to do but wash my hair and my clothes), I would stay late and dash off a few lines.

Sis had letters yesterday from Hank (dated Jan. 7) and from Wallie (dated Jan. 24). Mail deliveries have been good coming this way and this letter of Hank's is the first one that has been delayed longer than a couple of weeks. Sorry to say reports from the other side are not as good as this. Wallie says he received a Xmas card from Nina the day before he wrote the above mentioned letter to her.

There is very little to report on the family. Nora was down for Nina's birthday last weekend and Sunday night she and I went to see the Quiz Kids radio broadcast. It was very interesting and we got a big kick out of it. Sis had a lovely birthday - even tho' she stayed on the job. Her customers found out and one gave her an orchid, one an orchid tea apron, Mom gave her a photograph album and we fixed it up with all those old time pictures like when she graduated from grade school and when the Baptist Church had pictures taken of the 1923 class. We also found some of her when she graduated from nurses training and believe it or not, everyone remarked that she looks younger now than she did on any of the pictures I've mentioned. It is true too for today she looks gay and alive and then she looked like she was carrying the burden of the world around on her shoulders. She enjoyed receiving your cards and letters very much. She had a birthday cake with candy roses instead of candles and everyone had a piece for midnight lunch. Nettie, my roommate, finally went with me out to their place and they met for the first time. They seem to have gotten good impressions of each other ~~of~~ which makes me happy. Nettie is a swell person but sometimes Sis is hard to please and I was afraid this might be one of those times. Please don't think I'm complaining....(subject matter of my letters could stand improvement).

I didn't realize how huge and quiet this office could become when the rest of the people went home. This building is about a half a block square and my typewriter is the only one clicking away on the entire floor. It sure sounds loud...like your footsteps on creaky stairs when you are trying to sneak in without anyone hearing you. The janitors are beginning to come around with the pails, brooms, etc.

Yesterday was the beginning of Lent and everyone is talking about what they have given up....except me. I'm looking forward to getting something back of what I have had to give up....such as all the butter I want, nice thick steaks, nylon hose, those horrible, huge deductions from my salary every week, and last and most important - my family. It's ~~is~~ a purely selfish viewpoint, I agree.

I'll let the enclosures amuse you and provoke thought for I'm not succeeding very well. Take it easy and keep well.

All my love -

March 7, 1945

Dear All -

I'm not recommending that you follow this example, but this is the best G.I. story I've heard in a long time -

"An American soldier who had been on the North African front for about six months found himself on a working detail at a harbor edging the Suez Canal where a ship was loading on a few thousand of his compatriots who had earned a furlough home. The soldier watched his comrades happily clumping aboard, mixed in with a few of them on the dock, got close to a second lieutenant in charge of some military police, and then set up a fearful racket. He lay down on the stones and hollered.

"I don't want to go home, lieutenant," he shouted. "I didn't ask for any furlough. I want to stay here in Africa with my pals."

"The lieutenant tried to soothe him, telling him he richly deserved his little holiday and that he should get aboard as there wasn't much time. But the soldier kept on protesting and finally four husky M.P.'s grabbed him and ran him right down into the ship's hospital where he was put in a wire enclosure and not even questioned until the vessel was far out at sea. There was a court of inquiry but nothing could be done. He claimed he hadn't asked to be put aboard, was dragged on against his will, had never claimed that he had a furlough."

But more important than tales like this is news from our own fighting boys. We have been getting mail from them regularly and reports are about as follows:

Vic is on Saipan and our latest mail from him written on Feb. 19 says he is in the best of health. He said he had taken a trip around the island and found it quite interesting, but as he couldn't write about it, said that instead he would tell us about it some day. He says "For the past month our big recreation has been bridge. I began learning the game aboard ship for pastime, and we have been playing every evening since then. It is a fascinating game." He sounds like a cardsharp, doesn't he? Having had all of one lesson in the game, I can only say that I second the suggestion that it is fascinating, but I must learn more about it so we can play a few rubbers. He was quite thrilled with some pictures Willie had sent him recently, some of which were taken around the tree on Christmas Eve.

Two of Hank's letters arrived within a short time of each other, one dated February 2 and the other the 21st. He says he has an awful time writing these days, and when he mentioned that he writes to 25 different people, I can appreciate that. It must be very hard, particularly with the strict censorship they have to put up with. Hank hears from Wallie regularly and also from Dick. He and Dick are going to try to see each other again soon. He writes "When you receive this, Glenn no doubt will be sailing. Wish him a lot of luck. He has worked hard to get where he is." (Ha, Ha, ...he's sailing all right, but not on the ocean waves).

Eva and Troy have written to inform us that they are expecting an heir in October and they are very happy about it. She is feeling fine. She asks if Vic has a new address - No. Use the same one he has had. Troy must be getting along OK for she doesn't mention anything to the contrary.

I probably should report that Troy's twin brother Tommy was lost in action a couple of weeks ago. Another brother, Rudy, is stationed at Hampton, N.Y., and he got away to come to Waukegan the following weekend to visit his two sisters there, and I spent Saturday evening with them. The girls were going up to their home the following day but Rudy didn't have enough time to take the trip with them. They also have five stars on the service flag.

Wallis's letters of Feb. 15 and 25 are before me. He says his mail comes through in bunches and it is wonderful the day all of it arrives, but the waiting for the next batch isn't so good. He has been getting in on a little entertainment, some good and some bad. "Slithe Spirit" with Inabella in the cast has just been there and he enjoyed it very much. He isn't so much in favor of the drunken brawls which are intended as dances and to which "Guinea women who attended brought their families, friends and relations". Why? Well, it seems they serve refreshments and those people are gluts. Also says he feels fine and that he has gained 2½ pounds. For your information on what to send in an overseas package to Wallis, he tells me at length what not to send (candy, gum, toilet articles such as soap, tooth powder, tooth brushes, shaving cream, etc.), and then says only that "food is most useful, and maybe kleenex". He doesn't elaborate on what kind of food but knowing Wallis, I guess most anything is devoured with relish. About the liberty ships such as Glenn has been assigned to, he says "My longest boat ride was on a liberty ship and it was all but an enjoyable cruise. Them (such grammar) tubs roll and rock miserably and how anything can move so slowly is a problem for the quiz kids. It beats me how Glenn can be contented about getting assigned to one." How about that, Glenn? You seemed pleased with your assignment.

Did I tell you that Pate Damm has been married again? She is a widow from Racine with a child. Sure hope that she can handle him.

I'm sorry to report that my roommate has moved and I am in the midst of a search for another one. About the only job I can think of that is harder is choosing a husband.

A notice in the paper last night said that air mail service has been and will be curtailed. The use of an airmail stamp will not insure that the letter will go via air because of the lack of cargo space. They are trying to encourage the use of V-Mail.

That about covers the news of the home front and war front except to say that if the fellows roll along as fast in Europe as they have in the past week or so, the fellows should be meeting the Reds in Berlin very soon. However, I know it is a tough struggle and that is why I especially want the whole mess over with as soon as possible; I'd rather see the boys fighting with loving arms than firearms. OK with you, Hank?

"Oh, Lawd," prayed the Negro soldier, "don't let nothin' get hold o' me that you an' me both can't handle."

Amen -

March 11, 1945

Dear you'all -

I haven't had much mail this week but a letter did arrive from Wallie. He informs me that "queens of battle" is the term applied to all the unlucky suckers who are so unfortunate as to be in the Infantry (to use his very words). He says the Army is transferring a lot of service personnel into the infantry from other branches of the service.

I asked him how he likes the "I soap Swift's make for them and he says it is swell and they use it in place of Ex-lax. He says it is sold to the Nagos on the black markets there at 50¢ a bar. I'll have to tell Mr. Westering to build a new soap factory over there if he wants to make money. Mr. W. is the head of our soap department, a Swede and a swell fellow (he got me a carton of cigarettes) (Isn't he a dear?) We also make Heatsfoot Oil for the armed forces to use on their boots and shoes to help make them waterproof, etc., but Wallie says he has never seen any. If you would like a little bottle of it, let me know and I'll send you some. It is supposed to be very very good.

Arta and I were in Racine last weekend but there is nothing much to report from there. Everyone is well and just a touch of spring fever was going around.

Slight intermission here for Swift's.

The weather is really beautiful today. The temperature has risen to a high of 75° and it is mild and sunny. Weather like this in March is just a teaser so we will probably have rain tomorrow, but it is wonderful while it lasts.

Just a year ago Hank was in England taking a course of study in something or other. Glenn had just gotten back to school after a visit at home. Wallie was in California, still in school and waiting to hear what the Army was going to do with all the ASTP boys. Iva was making a cape to hide the little feller in. I was declared "4-F" and the Red Cross refused to take my pittance of blood....A lot of water has gone over the dam since then.

Time to go home, kids, I'll see you Monday.

- - - - -

Mar. 23

Did I say Monday? Sorry, but it is already Friday again. Had to take a couple of days off this week to nurse a bad cold and I just got back on the job. I still feel like a trip to Denver would do me a lot of good but that should pass over in a few days if we keep having this beautiful weather. The temperature is due to rise to 70° today, the sun is shining radiantly, and the grass is turning green just as fast as the ~~hunnis~~ buds pop out on the branches. (Am I turning poetical?)

Anna took a day off this week and went up to Racine for a visit. She sure makes the most of her time when she gets up there, for she was out at Uncle's, visited with Roy and Dorothy and the kids, saw Millie and the children, besides taking the family at home to a movie.

They all had a nice visit she said, and that everything is in good shape.

"Said the colonel: 'It's been my experience that dice are like horses and women, bless their hearts! To get the best out of them, they need to be handled gently and kept warm.'"



We have received some mail from the West Coast this week and for those of you who are waiting for further details on the "Nelsons" out there, here is what's what -

Eva hasn't been feeling too good. She got a touch of the flu again on top of the customary "morning sickness" and it got her down for a while. He (Troy) is feeling much better after being on his diet for two months and expects a change soon.

Glenn has probably shipped out by this time and as you can understand, even if I knew, it wouldn't be wise to pass on any definite information about that. He sent his new address and in the future use this -

Glenn A. Nelson  
SS Alexander Hamilton  
c/o Postmaster  
San Francisco, Calif.  
Sudden Christensen Steamship Company

Glenn sent some further information about our new sister-in-law and I'll pass it on as best I can. She is 5' 2", eyes of blue, brown hair, weighs 100#, "The Most Beautiful Smile", a fine sense of humor, discriminating taste.....Her name was Geneva F. Neal--generally known as Jean. Glenn is wonderfully happy and I can see no reason why we shouldn't be happy for him. I know we all wish them all the luck and happiness in the world.

Jean's home is in Konawa, Oklahoma. She is the youngest child of seven. Her father is a superintendent of a small railroad in the vicinity of their home. She is 21 and her birthday is May 23rd. She has been in the Waves 14 months.

God only knows how many months may pass before we will have the pleasure of meeting Jean but I do hope it won't be long. How I wish I could take another trip West this year...but since that is not possible, I will write to her and do my best to get acquainted via correspondence. Here is her address, also:

Mrs. Geneva (Neal) Nelson  
425 28th Street  
Wave Barracks - Building 2A  
Oakland, California

I believe Eva mentioned something about pictures so perhaps we will be getting one of Jean and Glenn soon. If I had a better imagination, the above description should create a picture of her in my mind, but a picture would be so much easier. Will ask Jean for snapshots or something I can send on to you who are overseas when I write to her.

April 9, 1945

Hello Everybody -

Since word was received last Thursday that Wallie is missing in action in Italy, we have all been going around in a sort of daze, only half believing, but since it wasn't just a dream, it is time to wake up and do what we can, little as it may seem.

First of all, I have learned that the first thing to do is contact the Red Cross and ask them to try and locate Wallie. If we do nothing and let events take their normal course, we may have to wait much longer before we get definite word. So, Mom, that seems to be your job. One of the first days when you feel the need for some fresh air, why don't you go down to the Red Cross offices and explain the situation to them.

One of the girls here at the office has a close friend who is working for the Red Cross in Italy, and comparing notes with her, it seems this girl is stationed in the same vicinity Wallie was in, so she (the girl in the office) is writing to this Red Cross worker over there to ask her to see if she can get any information.

When going through the paper this morning, I learned that a fellow I know who has recently been discharged from the Navy, is now a war correspondent for the Associated Press in Italy. I have written to him also asking him to try and develop something for us. Glenn, you met this fellow when you were here - Sid Feder. I'm sure he will do whatever he can.

I have heard of quite a lot of similar cases in the last few days, and in some cases no word was received until a letter arrived from the missing person himself. We have every reason to keep our hopes high and not become discouraged even though some time may elapse before we hear anything.

The last letter received from Wallie was dated the 16th; our last one is dated the 12th, and he wrote: "The general situation over here is much better than I could have anticipated. For one thing the winter snows are past and for a month the weather has been warm and dry - not even a single day of rain. This is unusual but not unappreciated. For another thing, the chow has been good, even better than good. None of us have reason to lose weight because of the chow. And we read in the paper that the war in the ETO is on it's last leg. But while the war still has a leg, it doesn't do any of us already over here any good. We do have a slight consolation though in the fact that the Krauts are taking a hell of a worse beating than we are. How they put up with what they do is beyond all of us." This certainly indicates that his morale is high.

In looking through the news releases of the days around the time of Wallie's disappearance, find that there was action during that time but on the 19th the release said - "The Italian front remained quiet today enlivened only by scattered patrol actions and stubborn defense by Italian troops of the 8th army around a captured German stronghold between Cuffiano and Riolo del Bagni..." "American 5th army patrols were having difficulty probing enemy positions southwest of Bologna." Does anyone know which Army Wallie is with? I have been assuming it was the 5th but am not sure.



The latest letter from Vic is dated the 22nd of March and he says he is very well. The weather on that side of the world is not so pleasant as they have "nasty little showers every little while". He had already received word that Glenn and Jean were married and he said the Nelsons would probably be in mass production when the war is over.

Hank's letter of March 20 has been received and I'm sorry to learn that we haven't been too good about writing. We have all promised to write more often. Nina says she is taking a day off and will write to everyone. Hank had a weekend, I mean a 3-day, pass the first of March and he had a very good time away from everything. That's swell. He also said that they had moved recently, not very far and in reverse, but that they would be in Germany soon. From this I would judge he is quite far behind the front lines for just that day (March 20) word came through that our boys were across the Rhine and after getting well established on the other side, the Remagen Bridge had fallen. But he did say that "one more month like this and I believe the Germans will have to give up. They are sure losing ground fast the last couple months." And also: "With a little luck, I will see you this year." Well, we've all got our fingers crossed, Hank, and if prayers will bring you home fast, you will be here before long.

This is a belated announcement of Wallie's promotion. I don't know when, how or why but he was made a P.F.C. I'm ashamed that I didn't notice in in the return address on his letter but instead I had to hear of it through Hank.

Hank also has reminded me to report that Fritzie Niebergall is a German prisoner of war.

Did I ever tell you about the three Chinese girls who had never gotten married? Their names were

Tu Yung Tu  
Tu Dum Tu  
No Yen Tu

Have made a few trips to the doctor in the last few weeks and the dentist has also seen me a few times. I'm not sick but my hands began acting up a little so I rushed down to get the difficulty checked before they became really bad and they are practically OK now. And the new gold filling in my one tooth really makes me look prosperous - just like a nigger!

The boss is out of town this week but he left a little work behind and now that I have my letter written, I'd better get to it. Will you excuse me now?

All my love -

*Effie*